

## CANINE CADDIES.

THE suggestion of Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, in the *Spectator*, that dogs should be trained to "carry" on the links has provoked a great explosion of correspondence on the subject, some of which has ricocheted from Wellington Street to Bouverie Street. We print herewith a necessarily small selection of letters which have reached us on this burning question:—

DEAR SIR,—I hope that if dog caddies are to become the rule, Clubs will forbid the employment of all quadrupeds who are not thoroughly up to the work. For instance, the idea of a pug—pugs are almost invariably asthmatic—carrying a heavy bag containing from seven to ten clubs, is really quite too pathetic for words, and I do hope the authorities at St. Andrews will put down their foot strongly in this matter. For my own part I think that Lord KINGUSSIE's solution of the difficulty is much the best. He never employs a caddie belonging to the links when he happens to be playing, but always brings his own footman, which thus saves his pocket and safeguards the morals of the club caddies, as Lord KINGUSSIE's bunker vocabulary is so surprisingly strong that I have heard it said no dog would stand it without a muzzle. I may mention, as a guarantee of my *bona fides*, that Lady KINGUSSIE's step-brother was long ago engaged to my wife's first cousin once removed.

I am, yours faithfully,

ALISON AMBLER.

DEAR SIR,—I am greatly taken with the idea of training dogs to act as caddies. Perhaps some of your correspondents will kindly tell me whether they can be taught to make a tee, and whether a Chow can only make a China tee? Faithfully yours,

A. LEGGE PULLAR, M.D.

DEAR SIR,—Do you suppose that the



Mistress. "Oh, GWENDOLEN, whatever HAVE YOU DONE!"

Gwendolen. "It's ALL RIGHT, M'M. I 'AVEN'T 'URT MYSELF!"

caddies [of England and Scotland will tamely submit to the introduction of a system which is designed to rob them of hundreds of thousands of pounds yearly? Believe me, if this ill-omened scheme is carried out, the mortality of the canine species in these islands will go up by leaps and bounds. I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

MITCHAM LITTLESTONE.

DEAR SIR,—The idea of training dogs to act as caddies is distinctly good. But all dogs are not equally adapted for the

purpose. Personally I should prefer a Mexican mastiff, a Cuban bloodhound, or, best of all, the dhole (*Canis dukhunensis*), or wild dog of South-Eastern Asia. It is, as your readers are doubtless aware, of a deep bay colour, and is so courageous that it will attack even the tiger. My handicap is 16, but with a dhole, or even a dingo, for my caddie, I should not in the least mind tackling a scratch player.

Faithfully yours,

WALTER SAVAGE REDHILL.

DEAR SIR,—In South Africa the practice of dispensing with human caddies has been rendered necessary by the shortage of unskilled labour and the fact that the coolies, by the terms of their contracts, are not allowed to ply for hire on the links. Consequently baboons and (in the Cape) ostriches are largely employed for the purpose, and give the greatest satisfaction, though the notorious voracity of the latter occasionally induces them, in moments of excitement, to gobble balls and swallow niblicks and other iron clubs. For this reason the baboon is, on the whole, to be preferred. In Natal a bird known as the Semi-Bombay duck is sometimes employed as a fore-caddie, and can be taught to indicate, by flapping its wings and standing on one leg respectively, whether the ball is lying clear or in difficulties.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truthfully,

MATILDA OWIGLASS.

"BUTCHERS.—Young man, 25, seeks sit; good round; well up shop; kill anything."  
*Daily Chronicle.*

We like this sort of spirit. It is this that has made us Englishmen what we are. We like, too, the style: the easy transition from the technicalities of "good round" and "well up shop" to the informal bluntness and comprehensiveness of the closing offer.

### A HOLIDAY TASKMASTER.

BIRRELL! it was a baneful inspiration  
That prompted you to launch your virgin Bill  
Just as the call of Eastertide's vacation  
Summoned us hence by sylvan vale and hill  
To have our hearts imbued  
With Spring i-cumen on in jocund mood.  
(Doubtless by Battersea's suburban breezes,  
Pacing the Pleasaunce, you were thus inspired;  
For there confessedly you caught those wheezes  
Which a respectful House so much admired;  
And there the Child at play  
Kept stopping you to ask the time of day.  
Little they guessed, who put that guileless riddle,  
Not curious of the hour, but rather bent  
On seeing if the chain athwart your middle  
Secured an actual watch that really went,—  
Little your victims guessed  
What schemes were brewing 'neath that natty vest.)  
Was it, I ask you, altogether gracious,  
Was it a very creditable thing,  
To set your fellow-Members this vexatious  
Holiday task, and blight the bloom of Spring,  
Throwing such heavy strains  
Upon the void of non-provided brains?  
Was it the action of a decent pedagogue  
To nip their vernal ardour in the bud,  
And send them forth with angered heart and head agog  
To find a way to spill APOLLYON's blood?  
(APOLLYON—so we stamp  
Mea of the opposite religious camp.)  
For now a fierce and fatal light is shed on  
The imminent campaign—its course and goal;  
Including that stupendous Armageddon  
Soon to be fought around the Infant's Soul;  
And every second man  
Is busy working out his counterplan.  
There is no haunt of peace, this holy season,  
But some are found therein with heated breath  
Who call on Heaven to curse the spoiler's treason,  
Who plot religiously your sudden death;  
And pass the sweet Spring-time  
Whetting their claws like dragons of the prime.  
Not so with me. I go, my dear AUGUSTINE,  
Southward to seek an uncontentious cure,  
Some warm retreat that I may safely rust in,  
And lie at length along the *côte d'azur*—  
Or make a modest *coup*.  
As JOSEPH did on No. 22.

O. S.

### THE WAG.

#### A TEA-SHOP TRAGEDY.

It was in a London tea-shop; one of those tea-shops where the waitresses seem to have just proclaimed martial law. Silence reigned, broken only by the occasional timorous tinkle of a tea-spoon on a marble table, where some desperado sought to signify that he wanted another bun. The attendants stood in graceful but minatory poses here and there, patting their back hair, or doing perpetual sums in their check-books. Opposite to me I saw an old lady, who had been to bargain sales, and had pathetically and for the fifth time implored a passing waitress to bring her a cup of tea, succumb under a glance such as an empress might bestow upon an

importunate beetle that asked to be put out of its pain. All round the room, in serried array, the young law clerks sat, like boys under the eyes of a schoolmaster, talking decorously of prunes and prisms, and hoping they did not seem to be eating too heartily.

Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE set a boiled egg down in front of me. I had not ordered it, but I did not say so, for I am no dare-devil. I ate the egg meekly.

Silence reigned. (I know quite well I have said this before, but it is nevertheless true.)

Then he came in, with springy step and cloth gaiters, and I knew by the gaiters, as well as by the brochures on the Tower of London and Madame TUSSAUD's grasped in his sinewy hand, that he was from the country. He was a splendid specimen of young English manhood, with his comely, full-blown face, and massive limbs; a good man to hounds, one of the stock that has made our England what it is (whatever that may be).

Something in the way in which he ordered tea and cold sausages filled me with gloomy apprehension. I realised that in his own province he was a humorist, a wit.

For a while all went well; but he had a roving eye. Suddenly I saw a strange light gleam in that roving eye, as he glanced at CLARA VERE DE VERE, who, half-turned from us, was absorbed once more in her interminable sums.

Heavens! the man was going to be facetious!

In the tea-shop! Here!

Had his thoughts strayed to some merry-hearted Hebe of the "Crown Hotel" at home in Sleepy Hollow?

I dropped my egg-spoon with a noisy clatter. My tongue refused to act. He leaned forward. He was going to do it. Heavens!

"I say, Miss," he said, as he toyed with a crusty roll (poor fellow! no doubt the sally had furnished mirth at many a market ordinary), "I say, Miss, can you lend me a hatchet?"

The instant she turned I think he realised his mistake. Such a look as his face wore then I have seen on the faces of men who have thumped strong and angry strangers on the back under the impression that they were old friends. I have seen that look once, in the semi-darkness of an oyster bar, on the face of a man who had swallowed a time-expired bivalve. There was surprise in it,—and something more.

She approached him slowly, a Juno-like figure, and, while I shuddered, I could not but admire the vibrant tones of her contralto voice as she answered:

"Did you speak to me?"

He clutched the edge of the table with both hands, leaning slightly forward, his parted lips frothy, and his face all gray and drawn.

And then, called off by a plaintive cry for potted ham, she left him.

"I will see you out into the air," I whispered.

He stumbled to his feet somehow, and, leaning heavily on my arm, shuffled to the door, where I hailed a bus. His touch was like the touch of ice.

"How was I to know!" he muttered; "how was I to know!"

Do you say this never happened?

I believe something like it happens every day. If not, it is only because, in spite of what pessimists say, there is still some of that sturdy British spirit left that enabled men of our breed to stand up to the Old Guard at Waterloo, and, more particularly, to brave the awful rigours of the polar realms of ice.

### Commercial Candour.

"HOT-AIR ENGINE, very cheap, —'s patent, 5½ cylinder, very little use."—*English Mechanic*.



### A TEMPORARY ENTANGLEMENT.

Joa. Sedley . . . SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Becky Sharp . . . THE SUFFRAGETTE.

[The Prime Minister has promised to receive a deputation on the subject of Female Suffrage after Easter.—Daily Paper.]







### INTRODUCTION MADE EASY.

*Invalid-Chair Attendant.* "IF YOU SHOULD HAVE A FANCY FOR ANY PARTICKLER PARTY, I CAN EASILY DUMP 'EM."

#### TO ONE ABOUT TO WED.

The hour draws nigh. The moments fly amain.  
Rabble and guest attend the flowery shrine;  
The Cake is ready—also the champagne  
(A light, dry, wine).

Then, Sister, ere the last sad moment goes,  
Listen, while from a brother's faltering lips  
Drop, like essential attar of the rose,  
Two useful tips.

If you would prosper in that married state  
Which many, I believe, have called sublime,  
Be very careful not to irritate  
At breakfast time.

Man is not lively at that solemn feast;  
And JOHN, whom you esteem a thing apart,  
(So strange is Love) is little more than *triste*,  
Or less than tart.

Spare him your daily correspondents' views;  
Nor, from a paper you alone have read,  
Think to refresh him with th' appalling news  
That someone's dead.

As for those details of a household type  
That seem indigenous to married men,  
Wait till he's half way through his morning pipe:  
Tackle him then.

But, oh my sister, lay no wifely snares;  
Think not to press him for a boon; and don't,

Don't dream of getting at him unawares:  
Because you won't.

That we will come to now. And, I should say,  
I do so with a certain lingering doubt;  
Though, truly, if I give your JOHN away,  
It's his look out.

If, then, you would beguile th' unwary lad  
To his undoing, first arrange to dine  
On his most toothsome cheer (and, shall I add,  
Some light, dry wine).

And if, soon afterwards, you gently spring  
Your purpose on him, 'twere an easy task  
To lure him on to any blessed thing  
You choose to ask.

Now must we go. The steeds are at the door.  
Those be my precepts, Sister. Act thereon,  
And you'll be happy. But alas, for poor,  
Poor, wretched, JOHN! DUM-DUM.

#### "All men have their Price."

"GENERAL, 18, £10, Disengaged, willing to wash, strong country servant. Also 17, £8; print dresses and caps. Fifteen, 2s. per week, fond of children."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

We hope somebody will give little Fifteen a job. Eighteen, who is willing to wash, and Seventeen, who can print dresses and caps (which sounds very clever), are sure to be snapped up at once; but all that can be said for Fifteen (poor dear) is that she is fond of children. Here's to the bashful maiden!

**PICKING UP ACQUAINTANCES;**

OF, THE TRAVELLER'S CONVERSATIONAL GUIDE.

THE specimen dialogues below are intended for those unlucky persons who are compelled to take their holiday alone. The Englishman is noted for his reserve, but with tact it is always easy to open a conversation with a complete stranger and by and by to make a real friend of him. The whole art lies in this: that you must not seem to force your acquaintance upon him. You would do well to start

## IN THE TRAIN.

First Method (The Window Gambit).

You. Do you mind if I raise the window slightly? (*If it is already up, you will of course change this to, "Do you mind if I open the window slightly?"*)

He (*if he is anything of a gentleman*). Certainly. Please do.

You (*at window*). Very stiff the windows are on this line.

If he is a director or shareholder in any railway company, he will then take the opportunity of explaining to you how good or bad this line is in comparison with others. If he is not a director or shareholder, then,

You. That's the best of being on the sea. You have no bother like this with windows.

This gives him his chance should he be a sailor, explorer, yachtsman, Cook's tourist, or seaside resident. In the unlikely even of his being none of these,

You (*jocularly*). I must write to the "Daily" about it.

You then make disparaging remarks about the "Daily" about it. He is practically certain to agree.

Second Method. (An expensive one.)

This should only be used when all other devices have failed. As soon as your man is looking the other way pull the alarm signal. When the guard comes round, try to persuade him that it was the stranger who did it. If you are successful, then offer to lend the necessary five pounds. If you are unsuccessful, then offer to borrow it. In either case you have a sort of claim on your man for at least the length of your holiday.

Third Method. (For use with clergymen only.)

NOTE: Clergymen often wear gaiters. In this case they are either bishops or deans. It is wiser to assume that they are bishops.

You (*with a start*). Oh!

He looks up enquiringly.

You. I beg your pardon, but did you happen to notice the name of that station?

He. Willesden Junction.

You. —! (*Remembering his cloth*). I must apologise, Sir (*or 'My Lord' if you care to risk it*), but that was where I had to alight.

He. The next stop is Aberdeen.

You. Tut tut! But there! An old traveller mustn't mind these little trials. Why, I remember how in the fall of '82 Tubby and I—

At this point a layman would throw you out of the window.

You. Let's see, was it Tubby or Old Bill?

And so on, ad infinitum.

So much for the journey down. If by the time you have reached your destination you have not picked up an acquaintance, it is fairly obvious that you are not at all the tactful person we took you for, and it is difficult to know what further to do for you. You can of course, at any time, try the Tobacco Gambit—which consists in borrowing your neighbour's matches and putting them in your own pocket, but apart from this there is not much that we can recommend. Should you, however, know the profession of the particular man whose acquaintance you wish to make, various ideas will no doubt suggest themselves to you. Thus:

## WITH MILITARY MEN.

You (*suddenly and imploringly*). Can you tell me, Sir, if you think the Germans will defeat the Hereros?

He (*gruffly and in amazement*). Eh?

You (*with a pathetic dignity*). I am a German (*or Herero*) and I have a son (*grandson, father, uncle, grandfather, etc., according to what you think he will credit you with*) immersed in that terrible conflict. Pity a father's (*grandfather's, son's, nephew's, grandson's*) feelings.

He will then tell you his experiences in the Indian Mutiny.

Or again

## WITH SOLICITORS.

You. Are you a solicitor? (*This sounds rude, but he won't mind.*)

He. Yes. (*Gives you his card.*)

Finally, it may happen that the gentleman with whom you wish to converse is a distinguished stranger well known to you by sight. In these cases, particularly, tact is the one essential.

To MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN (*chaffingly*). Now, now, what's all this I hear about Tariff Reform?

To MR. J. M. BARRIE (*politely offering pouch*). Perhaps you might care to try this? It's the "Josephine" Mixture.

To MR. JUSTICE DARLING (*handing evening paper*). Witty man, Plowden. Seen his last?

**A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.**

WE, who were children in our time, And who, though something past our prime,

Still healthily survive, Must often, when we come in touch With modern infants, marvel much To find ourselves alive.

The milk they drink, I am advised, Must first be duly sterilised, Or else with seal and vow Labelled, to prove to every eye That it has been provided by A non-consumptive cow.

The briefest snuffle from afar Proclaims the imminent catarrh, And calls for potent cures; The slightest symptom of a blush Is followed by an eager rush To take their temperatures.

About them hums a busy tribe Of doctors, ready to prescribe New simples and tabloids, And surgeons quite prepared to ease Them all of their appendices, And eke their adenoids.

Ah, what a change from those old days When all the world, and all its ways, And we ourselves, were green! Days, when eternally sharp set We ate whatever we could get, Nor recked about hygiene.

I recollect, when I was young, Once or twice thrusting forth my tongue, Though why I could not tell, And after some heroic bout, Politely christened a "blow-out," I may have felt unwell.

Yet even at that early date Victorian microbes lay in wait In every bite and sup; So, I repeat, grown wiser now, I am constrained to wonder how We managed to grow up.

My PLATO's works on yonder shelf Commend the maxim "Know yourself," As conduct's safest guide; It seems a later nursery law Adapts this immemorial saw To "Know your own inside."

"The slow, wise smile that round about His dusty forehead drily curled."

Tennyson.

SAYS *The Graphic*: "The Empress Dowager of CHINA looks a well-preserved woman of forty years, with . . . a high forehead on which lie two bandeaus of thick and glossy black hair and two rows of snowy teeth, which give her smile a charm of exquisite expression." The contrast of the black hair and snowy teeth on the same high forehead must indeed make her smile all that *The Graphic* claims for it.





Pastor (visiting his flock). "I CANNOT HELP NOTICING MANY ABSENT FACES WITH WHICH I USED TO SHAKE HANDS."

J. L. B.

## THE HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXHIBITION AT THE CRAFTON.

(Report by Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

TO THE EDITOR,

When, Honoured Sir, in obedience to your commands, I went to this highly interesting Exhibition, it was, I confess, less with any idea of exercising my critical faculties than with the faint hope that I might pick up a secret or two which might enable me considerably to improve my personal appearance. For, after all, one never knows. It may have been morbid fancy, but I thought the keeper of the wicket, after reading the words "Representative of *Punch*," on the Press ticket I presented, hesitated slightly. Perhaps he thought I had not come there in quite the right spirit. . . . However, he gave me the benefit of the doubt, and even tore off a corner of my ticket in exchange for a free Catalogue.

At the foot of the stairs I was greatly impressed by a noble group of white satin corsets, exhibited by Madame HORNETT & C<sup>IE</sup>. The modelling of these I thought quite masterly, though the drawing is perhaps a trifle "tight" here and there. Further on I was even more struck by a "Plastic Bust," No. 48, described in the Catalogue as "a normal form, compressed by a belt and showing the arm—wonderfully pliant and human." It might have been even more normal and human had not the artist left off just where the difficulties begin—at the base of the neck. As it was, it seemed to me a little lacking in expression. I trust it is not hypercritical to dwell upon so trifling a defect, but it is honestly what I felt about it.

On entering the Long Gallery I observed that the walls, which I had last seen covered by the works of M. CÉZANNE and other talented Impressionists of the French School, were now hung with a selection of advertisements by various contributors to the Exhibition. I desire to make no invidious comparisons between them and their French predecessors—their methods are necessarily so different. But this I must say, that, in my humble opinion, the designs which now adorn the Gallery are more pleasing, if less subtle in their colour passages, while they convey a more direct message to the uninitiated eye. I may be wrong—but that is my impression.

The floor of the Long Gallery was occupied by several rows of gilt-backed chairs, which all appeared to be listening with polite attention (in the absence of occupants) to a gentleman who was performing a well-known waltz on an electric piano—I presume as a Health Exercise. There were several large gramophones and an orchestration on the platform as well, but none of them performed while I was in the Exhibition—which was just my usual luck!

All round the room tastefully draped stands had been erected, by which young ladies were seated in most becoming Paris confections. It rather reminded me of a Charity Bazaar, except that none of them invited me to put in for a raffle, or have my future revealed by a performing poodle.

I seemed to have chosen a time—it was about 12.30—when nothing very exciting was going on. There was a big camera on a stand, apparently about to take a photograph of a stall on which samples of asses' milk were displayed, which would have been interesting to watch if it had ever taken it—only it didn't.

Perhaps I might have secured a portion of Health and Beauty by taking a glass or two of asses' milk—but, to be perfectly frank with you, Sir, I hadn't the common manly courage to go up and ask. I was afraid that the young lady who presided over that restorative might be unpleasantly personal if I did. I know now that this fear was quite groundless. Probably she would have been most polite. If I had mentioned that I was a representative of *Mr. Punch*, she might even have given me a glass of asses' milk gratuitously. But I let the chance escape me.

I sat on one of the gilt-backed chairs, affecting to be absorbed in my Catalogue—but in reality I was feeling rather shy. I was the only male visitor in the whole Exhibition, and I had a deadly fear that someone might come up and invite me to have my face cultured. But either they considered me a hopeless case, or else they saw—well, anyhow, they left me severely alone.

As I studied the Catalogue I came upon the photograph of a lady well-known in Society, under whose portrait was a note that filled me with awe and admiration. It informed me that at this lady's house the Organiser of the Exhibition had once judged at a Baby Show "at which all the Babies were either the children or grandchildren of Members of the Peerage." I thought of the iron nerve, the rigid impartiality, and the consummate tact that must have been required to award the first prize without regard to strict social precedence, and I no longer wondered that this Exhibition should have been so successfully organised.

Presently I really thought a performance of some kind was about to begin. A young lady in a white knitted jersey, black knickerbockers, tan-coloured stockings, and gymnasium shoes suddenly tripped into the gallery, and was saluted with a round of faint applause from an apparently susceptible young coloured gentleman in a corner.

But nothing came of it; she had merely stepped in to talk to another young lady at one of the stands. It may have been on the subject of Physical Development, but the discourse was of a purely private and confidential nature.

I felt, Sir, that you had not sent me there to sit in idleness on a gilded chair all the time; that I must be up and doing. Accordingly I pulled myself together, and went round the stands, conscientiously making notes. If I have unconsciously fallen here and there into the jargon of the Art Journalist, you will kindly put this down to the associations of the Grafton Galleries.

First I should mention Mrs. IDA C. TAFFLIN'S (I think this is the lady's name—but have mislaid my Catalogue) delightful "Pink Lotion for Concealing Blemishes of the Skin," at Stand No. 7, a charming composition with a liquid quality of pigment that produces an effect as decorative as it is delicate in treatment.

The same artist's "Skin Food," though in a more restrained gamut, gives perhaps an even larger sense of accomplishment, while a third study, "A Pimple Pill," compels attention by its admirable directness, rare mastery of values, and sheer forcefulness of statement.

I can also commend "Nurse Wadham's Earcap," described in the Catalogue as "a useful invention for keeping children's ears in their proper place," and, I should say, simply invaluable to the parents of all little pitchers. Another invention that took my fancy mightily was a "Baby's Playground," a neat little wooden pen, about five feet by two and a half, in which the little tot can play at being a pig or a rhinoceros, according to the range of its imagination.

If I could only have held out till eight p.m. I should have heard a lady lecture on "Beauty in the Middle Ages." But it was getting very near my lunch time, and I really did not feel equal to sustaining exhausted nature for another seven hours on Skin Food and Asses' Milk, even though encouraged at intervals by Demonstrations of Physical Culture and Exercises, records by the Gramophones, and performances on the Orchestration and Electric Piano.

I know, Sir, that you are a stern, not to say harsh, despot—but I felt that even *you* would not require this of me. So I softly and silently stole away—not a bit more beautiful (at least, so far as I can perceive at present) than when I came in!

On reaching home, a pink leaflet fluttered out of my Catalogue. It was a ballot-paper entitling me to vote for "the Handsomest Man, the Prettiest Woman, and the Loveliest





### TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

DIFFICULT POSITION OF LITTLE SPINKS (HAVING HIS FIRST RIDE IN PUBLIC), WHOSE RIDING INSTRUCTIONS ARE ON NO ACCOUNT TO GET IN FRONT TILL OVER THE LAST FENCE. ALL THE REST OF THE FIELD HAVE FALLEN EARLY IN THE RACE.

Child " in a collection of photographs in the Lobby which I never even noticed!

Mine might have been the casting vote! I had had the privilege of officiating as a second Paris, and in my blindness I had neglected the priceless opportunity. And now—the bitter irony of it!—it is too late—too late!

Unless, of course, you insist upon my returning to the Galleries and awarding the apple. But no, Sir, something tells me there is a softer side to your nature somewhere—you will not do *that*! In fact, now I come to think of it, you can't. Because the Exhibition closed last Saturday. F. A.

### GIVING THEMSELVES AIR.

[The District Railway now advertises "pure air" as one of its attractions.]

O MARGATE, we'll seek thee no longer;  
No more will we spend,

O Southend,  
Sad weeks on thy shingle  
Where niggers commingle  
With trippers of curious blend.  
No more will my boys fish for conger,  
No longer be found

Burnt and browned—  
They'll spend their vacations  
At various stations  
Along the "pure-air" Underground.

What excellent programmes I'll make them!

One day they'll repair

To Sloane Square,

A health-resort which is

Well-known for the riches

Of purest ozone in its air.

To Farringdon Street I will take them,

And Blackfriars too

They shall do;

The Aldersgate breezes

Shall cure them of sneezes,

And fill them with vigour anew.

And if they should chance on a break-down,

No need to complain

Of the train,

Though we're kept without warning

From midnight to morning

Between Cannon Street and Mark Lane.

A strap makes an excellent shake-down,

And the air is so rare

That we swear

By the line that arranges

Salubrious changes

At such a ridiculous fare.

"COSY incubator, 30-egg size; all fittings complete; owner getting larger."—*Lady.*

It is wonderful how soon one grows out of an incubator.



### CURTAIN-RAISERS.

*Extract from Ethel's correspondence:—"At the last moment something went wrong with the curtain, and we had to do without one! It was awful! But the Rector explained matters to the front row, and they came to the rescue nobly!"*

#### THE CYNIC IN SKIRTS.

[Suggested by the recent increase of hostile criticism passed upon the modern male.]

WHEN of old ANTILEA flouted  
Some ineligible flame,  
Or the lips of CELIA pouted  
At the proffer of our name,  
Bitter seemed (if one recalls 'em)  
Those reverses at the time,  
But an admirable balsam  
Was to take it out in rhyme!

JONES—sustaining from CORINNA  
Compound fracture of the heart—  
Ridiculed the lady in a  
Monograph called *Cupid's Dart*;  
Gentlemen, in fact, who rated  
Life and love as hollow wrecks,  
Formerly excogitated  
Satires on the faithless sex.

Daily PHYLLIS by her fancies  
Drove dejected swains to ink;

Some of them composed romances  
Dealing with the ruptured link;  
Others, cheated of her kisses,  
(Like ARCHILOCHUS) were coarse,  
Hoping the presumptive Mrs.  
CORYDON would feel remorse.

Now behold the balance shifted:  
CHLOE stoops to white and black;  
Every day our hair is lifted  
By some feminine attack;  
Tartarus has no Erinnyes  
More severe than "Lady Ann,"  
Earning periodic guineas  
For a diatribe on Man.

Muse! (the sister we require is  
Erato)—oblige and say  
Why beneath the veil of "Iris,"  
Or the *nom de guerre* of "May,"  
Woman deals in Jeremiads  
Aimed at us and wholly un-  
Dreamt of by the harmless Dryads  
Who occurred in Stanza One.

Can it be that even maidens,  
When they hit without the glove,  
Use like us the cynic cadence  
As a balm for blighted love?  
Dare we ask if, when in wrath her  
Devastating comments flow,  
ARAMINTA, like the author,  
Suffers from an early blow?

*The Leicester Guardian* has succeeded in the difficult task of making even "Society Chat" interesting. In a column with this title it informs its readers that Miss ELLEN TERRY will celebrate her jubilee by playing in the "Shakespearian comedy *A Winter's Sale*." This is an excellent title for a play which contains the well-known line "A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." We understand that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE will play *Robinson* and Miss ELLEN TERRY will take the part of *Snelgrovia*.



### THE RELIGION OF EMPIRE.

SCHOOL-INSPECTOR PUNCH. "WHAT! EMPTY BENCHES!"

HEAD-MISTRESS BRITANNIA. "WELL, YOU SEE, ATTENDANCE AT THE CLASS IS OPTIONAL, AND THEY PREFER PLAYING ROUND THE PARISH PUMP."





# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 9.*—"I know too well what you have all come here for to see," said SAINT AUGUSTINE, looking round the thronged Assembly gathered in anticipation of introduction of Education Bill. "A reed shaken by the wind, withering and trembling in those icy blasts of sectarian difference which more than anything else nip the buds of piety and reverence."

If that actually described the expectation of the audience, it was agreeably disappointed. Position one of singular difficulty for a new Minister. Not only was he making his first appearance in charge of a measure. There had fallen to his lot the most difficult of all, a fire-brand of a kind which, at earlier epochs, had shaken, if not rent, powerful Ministries. The ordeal of an unofficial Member making his maiden speech is sufficiently severe. For a new Minister introducing his first Bill it is overpowering.

Mr. G. left it on record that when first returned to the House he never rose to take part in debate without strengthening himself by utterance of a silent prayer. The MEMBER FOR NEWARK in time got over that feeling of shyness. But the habit marks in striking manner the appalling situation. With due regard to the Conscience Clause and the hour of the afternoon, AUGUSTINE, seated on the Treasury Bench waiting



IN CHARGE OF THE BABY.

his turn, probably refrained from religious exercise. However it be, save for an added pallor to a countenance never rudely rubicund, there was no sign of embarrassment.

He began in characteristically light vein, chaffing occupants of the Treasury Bench upon whom, when he was last in the House, he was "accustomed to gaze with feelings in which amazement, amusement, and admiration struggled for the mastery."

Unembarrassed himself, he at the outset put his audience at ease, enabling them to concentrate their attention upon the important, intricate scheme it was his task to expound. While occasionally flashing coruscations of humour in the dark crypt of provided and unprovided schools he avoided the fatal error of flippancy.

One of the most effective touches in an address an hour and a half long was the confession that on Saturday he repaired to Battersea Park to meditate its arrangement and coin some of its phrases.

"The place," he remarked, in one of his delightful

parentheses, "simply swarms with children, all animated by one desire, namely, to ascertain the time."

The House delighted in this picture drawn with quick, graphic touch, such as PHIL MAY was wont to use—the Minister for Education seeking out a quiet place wherein to walk and con over his speech, his meditation repeatedly broken in upon by the children whose welfare filled it, coming up with shrill enquiry, "Please, Sir, what is the right time?"

The Bill will, after fashion inherent in its kind, be battled over with that fierce animosity which marks religious controversy since the Crusades. There can be only one opinion of a speech masterful in command of its subject, perfect in lucidity, delightful in unconventionality.

*Business done.*—Education Bill brought in and read first time.

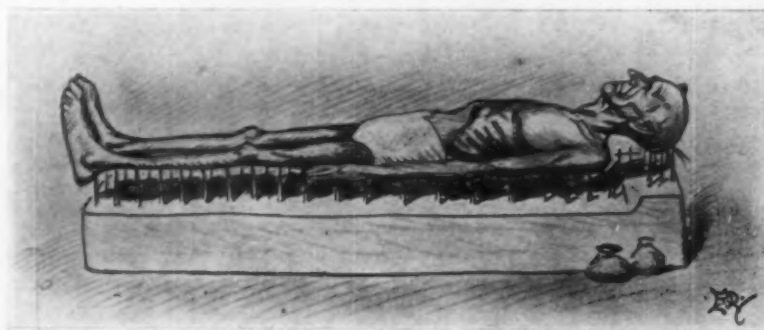
*Tuesday night.*—Members absent this afternoon ran the risk of coming back towards seven o'clock to find the whole of the business appointed up to Easter run through, and the shutters put up for the holidays. First order of day was second reading of Workmen's Compensation Bill. This seemed to promise prolonged debate. Hardly expected to see it through at morning sitting. But House in strictly business mood. No one disposed to delay the Bill, much less to throw it out. Honest endeavour to improve it could be made only in Committee. Therefore let us pass second reading without speeches unnecessary in number or in length.

This accomplished with two hours in hand and a score of other Government Bills to deal with. Forthwith got into Committee on a Post Office Bill. The



THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

A pencil snapshot of a brilliant Minister receiving universal congratulations on a masterly, lucid, and humorous speech. (Rt. Hon. A-g-st-ne B-r-r-ll.)



THE "FAKIR" WHO RESTS ON BAYONETS.  
(Rt. Hon. J-hn M-r-l-y.)

third order was Open Spaces Bill, an accident accountable for the strange dilemma that followed. The title catching the SPEAKER'S eye, created irresistible yearning for fresh air and opportunity for stretching his legs. Been in the Chair for three hours. Post Office Bill sure to take at least an hour in Committee. Why not go forth in search of Open Spaces? Hampstead Heath too far off. But Battersea Park, favoured resort of peripatetic statesmen in charge of Education and other Bills, within measurable distance.

SPEAKER not been gone five minutes before Post Office Bill was rushed through Committee.

"Question is," said the CHAIRMAN, "that I report this Bill to the House."

That meant that the SPEAKER was to be brought back to Chair. But where was the SPEAKER? Messengers went off in haste, but did not return even at leisure. CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES stood at Table waiting to make his report to the SPEAKER. "He cometh not," Mr. EMMOTT said.

Appalled silence fell over the House, broken presently by alarmed whispering. Actually the interregnum lasted only five minutes. It seemed a week. At length there was a bustle behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. Silence fell as Members watched the right hon. gentleman hastily enter, his wig slightly awry, and over his flowing gown the ebullient air of Open Spaces. A hearty cheer welcomed his presence in the Chair. He, happily ignorant of the irregularity of his headdress, preserving a gravity designed to intimate that, in spite of appearances, nothing out of the way had happened.

Setting to work again, the House so rapidly run through the remaining Orders that at half-past six there was nothing more to do but go off to dinner.

Thus passed the last Tuesday under the old Procedure Rules.

*Business done.*—Quite a lot.

Wednesday. — House adjourned for Easter Holidays. Back again Tuesday week. Amongst Ministers who stay on to see end of first section of Session is JOHN MORLEY, looking a little graver than ever under weight of India. Not been much to fore since he undertook his strangely-mated office. That a matter of good omen. Happy is the State Department that has no annals. In his one important administrative act, settlement of the difficulty that severed CURZON and KITCHENER, he was approved in both camps.

"When I see JOHN MORLEY on Treasury



THE "PRIVATE SECRETARY" ON THE WARPATH.

"D'you know, I shall have to give the Bill a good hard knock, I really shall!"

(Mr. C. F. G. M-st-rm-n.)

Bench," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "I recall a scene in India where I came upon a fakir lying on a bed of spikes, his back protected by gauziest of garment. Here we have a scholarly recluse, above all a man of peace, his administration of a great Empire resting on a mattress of bayonet points."

*Business done.*—Off for the holidays.

## CHARIVARIA.

"THE Government wishes to be friendly with all," says Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. If not with both our friends and our enemies, then certainly with our enemies.

*The Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recent issue, referred to some labouring men who attempted to molest Lady MARY HAMILTON at Eye, as "louts." Is there in England no law against *lèse-majesté*?

Golf caddies are now very much in the public eye. The education of some of them is certainly not all that it should be. "Here's an honour for us!" cried one of them excitedly the other day as he pointed to a paragraph in the paper headed, "King ALFONSO visits Cadiz."

*The London Magazine* contains an article on SHAKESPEARE, by Mr. SIDNEY LEE, entitled "The Most Popular English Author." Mr. HALL CAINE thinks the title a misleading one.

According to a certain beauty expert, "A single perfect feature constitutes beauty," and those persons who only have one very nice eye have already begun to be bumptious.

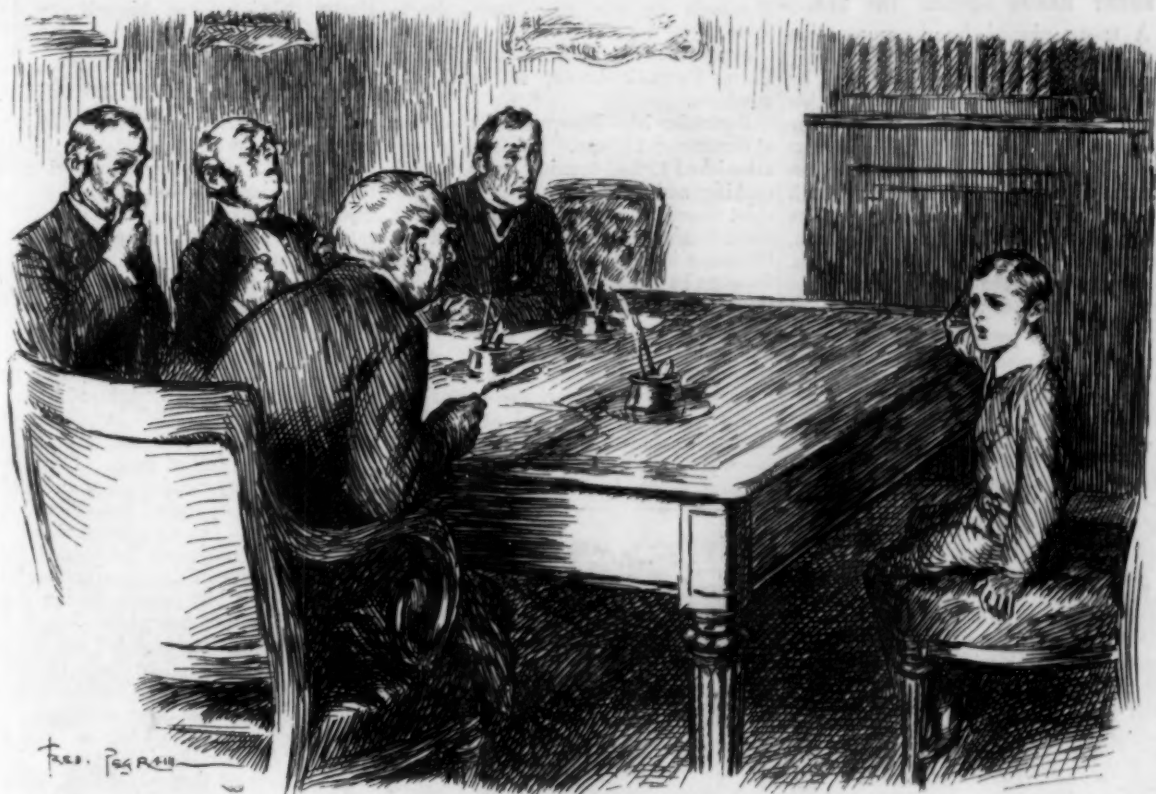
There will, we suppose, always be bargain-hunters. "How much is this little packet of pins?" asked a lady, the other day, at a shop where there was a sale. "One farthing, Madam," answered the assistant. "Oh, but that's the price when there's no sale," complained the lady, indignantly.

Shopping by post is on the increase, and thousands of pairs of boots, it is stated, are sent this way every week. Indeed, we understand that the Postmaster-General is to be asked to allow a boot to be treated as a postcard, the address being written on the sole.

An individual who claimed to be the heaviest man in Germany has just died. Still, a good many fairly heavy Germans are still extant.

For vulgar ostentation, commend us to the American smart set. Among the presents received by a recently wedded





### A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

(Under the new regulations, candidates for nomination for the Navy have, among other things, to appear before a Board of Examiners and answer various questions.)

Old Admiral. "WHAT ANIMALS EAT GRASS?"

[Long pause.]

Old Admiral (helpfully). "WELL, COME, HORSES EAT GRASS, FOR INSTANCE, DON'T THEY?"

Candidate (with great relief). "OH, ANIMALS! I THOUGHT YOU SAID ADMIRALS!"

couple were a couple of massive gold bowls, and, when they left to spend their honeymoon in Europe, they took these with them for use in rough weather.

The gardening season is now in full swing, and we have received the following letter:—"DEAR SIR,—About a year ago our little dog *Fluffy* got hold of an old slipper of mine, and buried it in the far end of the garden. Judge of the surprise of Mrs. P. and myself this morning, when, on visiting the spot, we found a bct tree in full blossom."

From *The Torquay Directory*: "Advertiser would like to take a dog out (Torquay) for daily exercise."

We recommend advertiser to call at houses where bulldogs are kept loose, taking care to leave the gate open behind him. This should give the gentleman enough exercise. He can please himself as to Torquay or not.

### SOCIOLOGICAL NOTES.

#### MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

ACCORDING TO WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM "manners makyth man." We are not surprised to hear that this person lived in the Middle Ages.

Men are the opposite of women. On this fact is based the dissent of man, and also the dissent of woman.

Chivalry is not dead yet. The other day a man was observed to give up his seat to a lady as he was leaving his bus.

Recent political animosity has brought out the truth of the proverb "Mud will tell."

"Like as we lie," as the Roman Augurs said with a mutual smile.

The middle-aged should remember that half a loaf is better than no exercise.

Those who recommend the simple life have usually failed at the complex.

Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pleasure.

Life is the only thing worth living.

Society consists of two classes, the upper and the lower. The latter cultivates the dignity of labour, the former the labour of dignity.

### THE SIMPLE LIFE.

THERE is a road to earthly bliss:  
The secret would you know?  
Five words contain it: it is this:  
Eat little, and eat slow!

Or would you that your lot should be  
Celestial happiness?  
'Tis but a question of degree:  
Eat slower still—and less!

### One Crowded Hour of Glorious Life.

"HERE in Bombay," says *The Daily Mail*, "these conditions of life are emphasised . . . Economy of means usually begins with economy of space. Nineteenths of the Hindu population live in one room." The Black Hole of Calcutta was nothing to this.

### HORNY HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

A LITTLE piqued by the suggestion that they are capable of thinking only parochially, and a little stimulated by the visit of the Chinese inquirers to this country, and a good deal excited by the prospect of a long holiday, the Labour Party, it is said, are organising an expedition to the Colonies (if there are such places) during the summer recess. The tour is to be under competent supervision, but each man will be his own Columbus.

A forecast of the party's adventures has been attempted:—

#### EXPEDITION TO DISCOVER THE COLONIES, SUMMER, 1906.

"What can he know of Empire who only West Ham knows?"

August 11.—Visit of the whole party to the Treasury to draw their salaries in advance—£300 a year plus overtime. Treasury refuses to give anything.

Mr. THORNE offers to take off 5 per cent. for cash. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, in despair, sends round the deer-stalker among the crowd and collects eighteen and threepence. The Party move on to Mr. REDMOND's lodgings, hoping for help, but find that he has gone to Ireland, and are in despair, when a cheque comes from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with best wishes for a happy voyage. Labour rapture.

August 12.—Mass meeting in Hyde Park. Farewell speeches by leaders of Labour Party—Mr. KEIR HARDIE, Mr. SHACKLETON, Mr. WILL CROOKS, Mr. WILL THORNE, Mr. PHIL SNOWDEN. Presentation of locks of hair to admirers in case the heroes fall to the unknown perils of the Colonies—giants, pygmies, lions, tigers, snakes, okapis, diplodoci, &c. "Auld Lang Syne," hands being joined all the way from the Marble Arch to West Ham pump. In the evening torchlight procession to Battersea to break Mr. BURNS's windows.

August 13.—Departure from Tilbury Docks on *The Fram*, purchased for the occasion from Dr. NANSSEN and fitted for her perilous expedition with everything a Labour Member could want on a voyage of discovery—from red ties to elephant rifles.

August 14 to September 5.—Prayers for terra-firma on any terms, twenty-four-hour days even.

September 6.—Arrival at Cape Town. Surprise of Labour Members at finding houses and not mud huts. Electric light too and shops. Quite a number of white people. Panic on discovering that it belongs to England, and does not regret it. Mr. CROOKS takes notes for the improvement of Poplar, includ-

ing the erection of a miniature Table Mountain by the East India Docks Road.

September 15.—Visit to Groote Schuur, CECIL RHODES's house, to break the windows.

September 16.—Banquet and reception at Government House. Labour Members astonished to find evening dress, French cooking, and real champagne. Expected shirt sleeves and Cape gooseberry. Mr. KEIR HARDIE proposes the health of the Governor in flattering terms, offering to do what he can for him if ever he should think of coming to England and taking life seriously.

September 17.—Second visit to Groote Schuur, to mend broken windows.

September 18.—Departure for Durban.

September 23.—Arrival at Durban. More astonishment. No signs of ill-treated black slaves. No sound of groans proceeding from lacerated Kaffirs. No



THE TWO GRINDERS; OR, SCIENCE THE SISTER OF ART.

statue of WINSTON CHURCHILL. Bewilderment of Labour Members, who wonder if this really is Natal, or if they have lost the way.

September 24.—Reception and banquet at Government House. Bewilderment of Labour Party on finding Natal people kindly and intelligent, and apparently pleased to welcome them.

September 26.—Arrival at Pietermaritzburg. Astonishment of Labour Party to find a Town Hall, churches, shops, and gardens.

September 28.—Discovery of Ladysmith by the Labour Party. Wagon Hill re-named Mount Snowden, and the Tugela, the Shackleton River.

September 30.—Excursion to the Drakenberg. Mr. WILL THORNE attacked by a baboon near the summit of Champagne Castle, and rescued by Mr. CROOKS. Hurried flight of Labour Party to the coast. On their way they encounter SUBINDI's impi in full war paint, and failing to establish their identity are detained and forced to take part

in a war dance in which Mr. KEIR HARDIE distinguishes himself by his impi-realism.

### THE SISTER-SCRIBBLERS' CLUB.

DEAREST DAPHNE.—What would you say to your own BLANCHE as a literary woman? I'm simply obsessed with the idea since paying a visit to the Sister-Scribblers' Club (isn't "obsessed" rather *chic*? I picked it up at the Club). My dear, it must be quite lovely to be always discussing plots and characters, and calling out "I shall use that," whenever anything striking is said.

Lately I've got very pally with Lady GEORGE ST. AUSTIN, who writes over the signature "A Duke's Daughter-in-Law" in *The Sideglancer*. She's awfully clever, and her "Gossip" and accounts of parties and things are full of snap. Certainly she came a nasty cropper when an article of hers appeared describing minutely a Drawing Room that had been indefinitely postponed, but she's lived that down, and makes quite a big income by her pen. Think, my dear, how *dery*, considering Bridge-debts and milliners' bills! BABS (Lady GEORGE) has been a Sister-Scribbler for a year, and the other afternoon she took me to the Club to tea. It is in Hamilton Place, and they *have* done themselves well. Their Smokeroom is deliciously comfy, and can give a stone and a beating to ours at the Camellia. There was a perfect babel in the Tea-room. All the Sister-Scribblers' tongues seemed to be "the pens of ready writers," as SHAKESPEARE says. BABS

pointed out such lots of celebrities. Quite close to us was a group who've all gone into ever so many editions, and see themselves on railway bookstalls, and know the "glory and the nothing of a name." There was Mrs. HENRY DRYSDALE, who writes those learned, semi-theological novels, that *you* can read and I can't, discussing the character of her latest hero, *Edgar Humbore*, the Church of England curate whose gradual conversion (or is it per?) to Mohammedanism takes up 200 chapters. Wonderful to say, she was one of the smartest Sister-Scribblers present, having on an unmistakable Olga Fiton frock, and a Valérie toque—while "Anno Domini" (MISS JANE PRESCOTT, for private circulation), who writes those awfully strong, lurid kind of novels, that girls are not supposed to read, and that poky people consider improper because they don't understand *Realism in Art*,—"Anno Domini," my dear, whom one would expect to be smart and *voyante*, is simply the dowdiest, quietest of mice,

in a fearful coat and skirt, and specs!

The Duchess of CLACKMANNAN had tea with us. She's been a Sister-Scribbler since her Miracle Play, *The Ark*, had a run of two nights at the Magnificent (those horrid critics called it drivel till they found who had written it, and then they did her justice and said she had handled the character of Noah in a masterly way).

She was simply awfully sweet. When I said I longed to qualify for admission to the S.-S. Club, by appearing in print, she told me to send something to *The Peeress*—she knows somebody who partly owns it, you know. BABS looked a lit spiteful, I thought; and then she asked the Duchess if it was true that she (the D.) was writing a roman à clef, in which she was going to give us all away? "No fear," said the dear Duchess; "if I use you at all, my dear, I shan't give you away, I shall sell you for a good big publisher's cheque. We're all on the make now, aren't we?"—Wasn't it smart of her?

I was introduced to the famous SYBIL VANSITTART (they say the scene of her next romance is to cover the whole solar system). I told her I simply adored her books—(so I do, though I can't quite get through them)—and that it was my ambition to be literary. She smiled a sad sweet smile—(I forgot to say that she had on a Liberty frock and a picture hat, and kept her back to the light)—and shook her head. "Don't be in a hurry to leave the beaten track," she said softly; "Fame does not spell happiness for us women. I sometimes look back to the time when I was a simple unknown girl, to whom the secrets of life and death had not yet been revealed, and sigh, 'Ah, happy girl!'" Awfully sweet of her, wasn't it? All the same, it must be great fun to be a genius and come out of the crowd.

So long, my DAPHNE,

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S.—I've written an account of Mrs. BOSH TRESYLLAN's last Soap-Bubble Tea, and sent it to *The Peeress*. I flatter myself there's a good bit of snap in it.

### THE LOST GRIP.

It was a joy to be alive,  
When I could always see  
My Haskell, from a slashing drive,  
Go soaring off the tee;  
When, as my lowered handicap  
Fell ever nearer scratch,  
I held my own with any chap  
In medal-play and match.  
Then fozzles never made me groan;  
Then, gripping like a vice,  
I swung my club; then all unknown  
Were top and pull and slice:  
Then all my deft approaches sped  
Directly to their goal;  
Then all my longest putts lay dead,  
Or fell into the hole.

And what is worse, I cannot get  
The old style back again.  
So now with sighs and tears and frowns  
I curse the diagrams  
That cost me numberless half-crowns,  
And ah! so many—regrettable  
comments.

### THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

QUITE the smartest wedding of the week was that of Mr. JOSEPH BILLINGS and Miss NANCY O'HARRIGAN, celebrated at St. George's in the East on Monday last. The affair was of a most brilliant and interesting character, all the largest

families of the neighbourhood being lavishly represented. The bride, a decided brunette, with features of the *retroussé* type, was insinuatingly gowned in royal blue *mousseline d'art* with magenta motifs and canary-coloured *jupons*. Her *chapeau* was generously embellished with ostrich plumes, much in vogue with the other ladies of the bridal party, and her *coiffure* dressed low, especially in front. The bridegroom, who, by the way, is interested in horticulture (particularly strawberries when in season), and is popular in sub-



First Tramp. "SAYS IN THIS 'ERE PAPER AS 'OW SOME OF THEM MILLIONAIRES WORKS EIGHT AND TEN HOURS A DAY, BILL."

The Philosopher. "AH, IT'S A 'ARD WORLD FOR SOME POOR BLOKES!"

Oh! cruel Fate that bade me look,  
On one ill-omened day,  
Upon the pictures in the book  
Of VARDON's hints on play!  
For, though I quickly laid it by,  
That one unlucky dip  
Into its pages made me try  
The overlapping grip.

Now all my fingers are like thumbs,  
My club turns round and round;  
And divots, as it downward comes,  
Fly upward from the ground.  
My Haskell skips to right or left  
A few short yards, and stops;  
Or, with its surface deeply cleft,  
Into a bunker drops.

And though I swear and fume and fret,  
My efforts are in vain;

urban circles by reason of the magnificent *timbre* and far-reaching calibre of his voice, looked triumphantly *distingué* in a complete suit of black velveteen. Mr. O'HARRIGAN, the bride's father, appeared in the best of spirits, while Mrs. BILLINGS, senior, was voluminously gowned in purple *velours* with *appliqués* in white *bébé* ribbon. Her bonnet of violet plumes was worn a little to one side, the strings hanging untied, quite *en negligé*.

A *propos* of foot-wear, I noticed that bright tan with black patent toe-caps is still popular, though the bride was of course wearing white canvas with brown heels.

After the ceremony the bridal party left town in a vortex of confetti, making for the "Welsh Harp," kindly lent for the occasion by its genial proprietor.



## A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FOOD QUESTION.

(Suggested by a perusal of Mr. Eustace Miles' diary.)

WHEN in the Miocene epoch (or age)  
*Homo Erectus* appeared on the stage,  
 Scorned his unkempt and quadrumanous kin,  
 And modishly decked himself out in a skin;  
 When with his axehead of Dolomite flint  
 He made the impervious Mastodon sprint,  
 Or, catching him napping, proceeded to nail  
 A convenient tree to the Mammoth his tail;  
 Food was the lodestar his labours pursued,  
 All that concerned him, delectable food;  
 Pabulo-psychics, extravagant cult,  
 Tricky in precept but bare of result,  
 Bored an intelligence dawning but dim;  
 Feeding his face was what occupied him!

Eons have passed but the Briton still leads  
 As the primal exponent of Appetite's needs;  
 Still with encouraging frequency obtrudes  
 A fancy for muscle-and-bone-making foods.  
 Frenchmen, fastidious creatures, may boast  
 A penchant for elegant trifles on toast;  
 Gross-feeding Teutons exploit their sublime  
 Power of consuming a lot at a time;  
 Such diets amuse, but they cannot compare  
 For ennobling results with the Englishman's fare,  
 The beef and potatoes, the pudding and beer,  
 That ever formed part of his favourite cheer,  
 The food that has fashioned his brain and his girth,  
 And made him the lordliest creature on earth.

But lo! what heretical doctrine appears  
 To shatter the idols we've worshipped for years,  
 Announcing in language both loud and diffuse  
 That the diet we love is no absolute use.  
 O can it be so? Were it better to turn  
 From the nutriment loved of our fathers and learn  
 To thrive on a menu of carrots and cheese,  
 And milk and bananas and sago and peas?  
 Do the ethics of sustenance urge a blow-out  
 On the tenuous bulk of the piffling sprout,  
 Or bid us our appetites freely regale  
 On the sensuous turnip, the succulent kail?

Think it not, reader; these are but the wiles  
 Of one who is out of his reckoning by MILES,  
 Who is but a minion, in clever disguise,  
 Of the Tariff Reformers' pernicious emprise.  
 His was the task to propound on the quiet  
 The charms of a cheap vegetarian diet;  
 Theirs the nefarious scheme to complete  
 With a thumping big duty on foreign-bred meat,  
 And withhold by prohibitive dues from our docks  
 The refrigerate lamb and the Argentine ox!  
 See in this booklet, so cunningly boomed,  
 The menu to which we shall doubtless be doomed  
 When the pestilent gripe of Protection is laid  
 On the sturdier stuffs of which Britons are made.  
 What! shall the ogre of Tariff Reform,  
 Failing to capture the country by storm,  
 Succeed in his aims by the innocent means  
 Of early potatoes and haricot beans?  
 Let no one believe it: Britannia aspires  
 To exist without bulwarks, but beef she requires  
 If she means her redoubtable sons to maintain  
 Their permanent grip on the billowy main!

But hark! 'tis the luncheon's imperative hour:  
 Hence, chill vegetarian tribe, and devour  
 Your porridge and lentils: I go to partake  
 Of a flagon of ale and an underdone steak!

ALGOL.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF only Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS were less of a melodramatist and more of a psychologist his new book, *Mysteries of Modern London* (C. A. PEARSON) would be fascinating and valuable beyond words. But his affection for the footlights is too strong, and the value of the book gives way to lurid colouring. Yet, even as it is, Mr. SIMS makes London a very wonderful and perilous city, and since I have read it I have taken a very different view of my fellow creatures. Old gentlemen in 'buses who used to be old gentlemen and nothing more now strike an imagination heated by Mr. SIMS as sinister desperados. I doubt the sincerity of their white locks: I seem to see Nihilists or murderers beneath their benevolent smiles. I discern a blackmailer in every alley, a detective in every corner. I used to think of men as men: Mr. SIMS has taught me that they are mostly women masquerading as such in order to preserve entail. In fact, London has become, since I read this book, a kind of mixture of the Paris of EUGÈNE SUE and the Baghdad of the *Arabian Nights*. Nothing but a steady course of JANE AUSTEN can, I feel, restore the balance.

Mistress Elizabeth Carter may have been, as Miss ALICE GAUSSEN asserts, "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom" (SMITH, ELDER); but diligent reading of her memoir leaves it a matter of faith. Her biographer, to tell the truth, has not the gift, certainly does not display it, of being able to pick the plums out of the pudding of life. This is the sort of pudding that is presented: "Mrs. CARTER liked a number of large comfortable rooms, well furnished and warmed with good fires, where an intelligent circle of friends met every evening. She never dined at home unless prevented by illness from going out. The chairs and carriages of her friends were always sent to fetch her to dinner and brought her back at ten at the latest." And so on. This slice cut at random will suffice to indicate the quality of the feast of Wit and Wisdom provided.

Mr. STERLING MACKINLAY's *Antoinette Sterling* (HUTCHINSON) is quite another class of memoir. He claims for his mother that simplicity was the keynote of her character. It is faithfully reproduced in an unpretentiously told story. For more than a generation *Antoinette Sterling* literally filled a large place in the public eye. She was as popular off the concert stage as she was admired upon it. Mr. MACKINLAY, the constant companion of her later life, had the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of many famous people, and in chatty way tells many bright stories.

*The Strange Case of Vincent Hume* was simply this: that he could foresee things. Parkins, the "mathematical genius,"—Heaven help him!, said it was all due to the Law of Permutations and Combinations, by which everything that had happened before was bound to happen again. Thus, *Vincent* had happened before (some billions of years ago); and his prophecies now were merely his recollections of what he had done in the early billions. If there is anything in this, then a billion years ago Mr. DERWENT MIALl wrote *The Strange Case of Vincent Hume*,—Messrs. EVERETT published it, and I reviewed it. Now I don't know if I made myself quite clear on that occasion, so I will just say again—if Mr. MIALl will let me—that his book would have been better if he had either made it pure farce, or else had cut out the "foreseeing" business altogether. As it is, we have a mixture of the supernatural, the farcical and the comedic, and we never quite know where we are. Mr. MIALl can do farce well, as the "Chrissy" and "Alfred" chapters show; and he might have made a very amusing book of this. In any case there are some quite happy touches in it—as I pointed out a billion years ago.